THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1884.

A. S. HOSMER - - Proprietor

EIGHTEEN.

One birthday there is in the life of each girl
That excels every other, I ween,
When the brightest of prospects before her unfurl,
And visions of joy set her all in a whirl—
'Tis the day when she reaches eighteen.

And for a time her gratitude, hearty and warm,
For all the long years that have been,
To the parents who ever have shielded from harm,
And the Father above who bestows every charm,
Is the day when she reaches eighteen.

The pleasures of childhood are bright as a dream,
And sweet are the charms of sixteen;
But to every fair maiden yet brighter will beam
The glory that comes with the morning's first gleam
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

Then the tint on her cheeks is the nectarine's hue,
With lily-white spaces between,
And through the bright eyes, be they hazel or blue,
You discover a heart, oh, so tender and true!
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

Then talk not to me of the glory of queens,
With its locks of a silvery sheen;
For little but sorrow is left to the queens,
While proudly each maiden turns over the pages
Of the day when she reaches eighteen.

Sweet as the rosebud unfolding to view,
Fresh beauty that waits to be seen,
Is the dawning of womanhood, noble and true,
With the glory that comes to each maiden anew
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

—*Thomas Wiseman, in The Continent.*

UP IN A BALLOON.

Thrilling Experience of a Paris French Aeronaut—An Incident of the Last Siege of Paris—A Night of Horror.

"I have not been in a balloon for ten years, and the very sight of one almost makes me sick." He was a little dried-up fellow, in a great shaggy coat and queer felt hat, and he spoke to a little group who were watching the maneuvers of Prof. Warner with his balloon at the exposition yesterday. He was a quick, nervous little man, and although his language was refined, his slight French accent proclaimed his nationality. The crowd gathered closer to the little man, and ceased to watch the big rolling mass of canvas that was filling with gas so slowly.

"I was an aeronaut from my childhood. My father was the confidential friend of Dr. Jessan, the great French aeronaut and had me in a balloon before I could walk. I don't know how many ascensions I have made. I have been up so often that I used to feel as easy five miles above the earth as if I were walking on solid ground. I was twenty-two years old when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and was then in Paris. My father had just died and left me a few thousand francs, and I was spending it as foolishly as most boys do who have never been used to money and who suddenly come into a little fortune. Instead of fighting for my own country I was squandering my father's hard-earned francs in the cafes of Paris. I got up one morning and they told me Paris was surrounded—that we would have to starve or surrender. The several attempts that had been made to break through the lines had failed, and the city was full of gloomy faces and broken hearts. Then I happened to remember what my father had said about the means by which General Jourdan gained his knowledge of the position of the Austrians at the battle of the Fleurus in 1794, and how the French had used them successfully at the sieges of Maubeuge, Charleroi, Mauheim and Ehrenbreistein. Why not use them now?"

"It was toward the end of September, 1870, that I went to Gambetta, the leader of our Provisional Government, and laid the matter before him. He made immdiate inquiries among scientific men of the practicability of the scheme, and found that it would work. We started two balloon factories. I had charge of one in St. Denis. In a month we had over forty balloons. We used to make the envelope of calico, varnished on the outside with a mixture of linseed oil and oxide of lead, while the net-work, car and other arrangements were after the ordinary fashion. All the balloons that I superintended had a capacity of seventy thousand cubic feet of gas. We used to have them manned by sailors, and they were mainly used to carry messages from Paris to Marseilles, to Evreux, to Tunis, and other points. It grew to be quite a common mode of sending letters during the long months of the siege. Most of the balloons used to have with them carrier-pigeons. Letters would be sent back into Paris in this way. The contents of the letter would be photographed. This would reduce its size to within an area of one or two square inches of the thinnest kind of paper. This paper would be enclosed in a quill and fastened to the central tail feather of the pigeon. The enemy began to open fire on our balloons at last, and several of them were lost or fell into the hands of the Germans. To avoid this we used to send them out in the night, and the Government forbid the use of lights to keep the enemy from seeing the balloon. I had been busy in the factory for a month or more, when it suddenly occurred to me that I would like to take a trip myself. I made all the arrangements, and on the night of the 25th of November I got into the 'City of Paris,' capacity 75,000 cubic feet, with two hundred and fifty pounds of letters for Evreux. I left about nine o'clock. The air was cold and damp. I took one of the workmen with me, a quiet, modest little fellow named Lefebre, who lived at Evreux and wanted to get out of Paris. The wind was in the right direction, and we had no difficulty in getting off. In a few minutes the city lay below me. I could see the twinkling lights gleaming like serpent eyes out of the abyssmal darkness. All about me the air was so black that I could almost feel it like a visible, palpable reality. Dark masses of clouds that I guessed to be twenty thousand feet in thickness lay like an iron wall above me and on all sides. The stillness was something dreadful. I had been up a thousand times before, but in daylight, and never under such circumstances. I passed over the enemy's camps till I saw the last of their camp-fires fade away in the night.

"You can never tell by the motion of the car how fast you are going. I have been swept along by a whirlwind and a glass full of water by my side never spilled a drop. It is only by comparison that you know that you are moving. Some instinct told me that night that we were being driven forward with a fearful velocity. We tried to keep up a conversation, but the awful sublimity of the occasion and the vague fears that filled us both kept us from talking. I had an idea that we were about four miles above the earth's surface. For the first time I began to think of the inconceivable abyss that lay below me. Sometimes in dreams you have all felt that you were falling into depths never sounded by plummet, or hanging on the verge of a precipice over an eternity of space that rolled below.

"I felt some of this feeling of horror unutterable stealing over me. Suddenly I felt the car give an ominous creak. The bottom was of wicker-work, fastened by ropes to the sides of the car. We both felt this floor giving way under us. The horror of the scene is beyond all conception. A sailor who saw the hull of the vessel falling away from under him in the midst of a storm was fortunate compared with us. I sprang for the ropes which connected with the valve in the top and gave it a strong jerk. There was no perceptible fall in the balloon. I gave another and a stronger pull. The cord gave way, and I found half of it in my hand. I sprang into the network, and yelled for Lefebre to do likewise. The balloon heeled over, and I noticed a few moments later that the force with which Lefebre had jumped from the car had detached one side of it and hung down by only a few cords. The balloon now rolled from side to side. We were hanging by the network that enveloped it and did not know how long we could remain suspended or how soon the cords would break. The air, it seemed to me, was becoming colder. My hands were becoming numbed. Could it be that we were entering a higher and rarer stratum of air? Were we still ascending? I looked down and shuddered. I called to Lefebre, but he failed to answer me. My blood almost froze in my veins as the thought flashed across me. He had slipped off and been precipitated into that frightful void. I determined to cling on as long as I could. I tried to tie myself up in the net-work so that I couldn't fall, but this was impossible on account of my almost frozen hands. I wrapped my hands up as well as I could and then waited for daylight. It would be impossible for me to try and tell you of my sufferings, mental and physical. I knew that death stared me in the face, and the most awful of deaths. I knew that I would be found an unrecognizable mass of mingled bones and flesh. I felt my hand slowly loosening and the cords slipping away from me. The cold began to overcome mind and body, and the intense struggle for life began gradually to die away into a languid acquiescence. I knew I could hold up but a little while longer, but the thought failed to give aught but a faint feeling of unrest, as though I were being told that another man in a far-off country was suffering. All my thoughts were impersonal. I felt the air grow warmer, and a new and most vivid sense of my danger dawned upon me. I clung to the ropes with all my strength, and trembled as I thought this strength would not last me longer. My arms ached, and there was a dull pain in my head that was fast deepening into a rapid throbbing of the temples, the blood seeming to rush and whirl and roar about my ears. There comes a time when a hunted man drops, when the weakest fails to raise his arm, and I never felt before what feeling must come over such a man till then. The last minute that I could cling to the ropes was reached. I felt that not even for my life could I hold longer. With a prayer on my lips, my palsied fingers slipped from the cords and I began to fall. When I became conscious the balloon was lying a few yards off in a heap, and tangled in the cordage was Lefebre. My first attempt to pull open the valve had been successful, and when I loosened all holds I was only half a dozen feet from the ground. Lefebre had become entangled in the net-work and fainted. I never went in a balloon again, and my nerves are so completely shattered that I can never see one without the old feeling of horror creeping over me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Not a Patriot.

"Is patriotism a crime?" sternly demanded Charles Barnaby, as he looked his Honor in the eye.

"Well, that depends."

"I have been incarcerated in these dungeons for defending the fair name of my country."

"As how to which?" asked the Court.

"Last evening as I sat in a saloon reading the Declaration of Independence a ruffian walks up and spits on the sacred document!"

"He did!"

"Yes, sir, and he called George Washington a liar and Thomas Jefferson a chicken thief!"

"S'death!"

"And he said that all this country was good for was to raise yaller dogs, freckled-faced girls and bow-legged mules! Could a patriot stand that? Why, sir, I'd have got up and tackled him if he had been as broad across the back as the top of Mt. Vesuvius!"

"Prisoner, who gave the honor of this country into your keeping?"

"Nobody, sir, but I'm a patriot."

"You may be, or you may not be an idiot. It is none of your business what anyone says about America. If she can't take care of herself [illegible] you are not called upon to take a hand in.

"Must I stand by and see the sacred Declaration spit upon?"

"You might fold it up and put it into your pocket."

"Never! I go for my country right or wrong! I live for her or perish with her! Come on, ye traitors!"

"I don't see 'em coming," said his Honor, as he looked around. "Charles, you are sent up for sixty days."

"I call the Government to assist me!"

"Please don't call so loud. Please fall back."

Bijah removed him. Some patriots can be removed by argument, but this one refused to stir until taken by the neck and heels.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Statistics show that in England men live two years longer and women a third longer than they did thirty years ago.

The Luray Caves in Virginia.

The *Tech*, the organ of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, publishes a description of the Luray Caves in Virginia, which have been known to the public for the past five years. They were discovered in 1878. The writer of this paper says:

The entrance to the caverns is through a narrow passage about twenty-five feet in length, leading into a room of moderate size, where the attention of the visitor is arrested by the hundreds of stalactites and stalagmites around him, forming all sorts of curious shapes. But one soon learns to regard these things as common, and contentedly hurries on with the guide to see some of the wonderful resemblances to the things of the outside world.

Adjoining the grand entrance hall is an apartment called the fish market, where the lime has so taken the shape of strings of fish that the resemblance to our own fish markets is quite apparent, though the writer was at a loss to determine the peculiar species. Some, however, better versed in the science of zoology, unhesitatingly pronounce them to be a species of bass, perch, shad, mackerel, etc.; at least, so says the guide. Winding through various corridors leading into rooms of different dimensions, and passing by gigantic columns and deep gorges, notably the rift called Pluto's Chasm, about seventy-five feet deep and five hundred feet in length, through which we are told the god is supposed to have borne Proserpine to the under world—we finally come to the Giant's Hall, which is especially interesting as containing the organ and the fallen column, a huge mass of limestone twenty-five feet in length, the age of which, as estimated by some scientists, is several millions of years.

This statement may at first seem strange, but after considering the following experiment we no longer doubt the assertion. A glass tumbler was placed beneath some dripping lime water, that the time taken to form an incrustation might be observed, and at the end of five years a crust not more than one eighth of an inch in thickness was formed under the most favorable conditions. The organ is composed of stalactites and stalagmites, which have formed continuous columns from ceiling to floor, which not only resembled the pipes of an organ but to some extent give forth actual musical sounds, soft and sweet. The writer regrets to say, however, that "Yankee Doodle" was the tune whose notes desecrated the sanctified cathedral of the deceased giant.

The Wet Blanket is, however, voted by all the most perfect and interesting phenomenon in the cave. In a dark corner of the cavern the lime has the form of a large sheet suspended from the roof. Towards the end of this sheet have been formed, by the precipitation of iron, two red bands about two inches in width, which, with the yellow color given to it by the dripping water, take on the appearance of a veritable wet blanket.

Of especial scientific interest are the helictites—rare formations, which project horizontally from the walls of the cave from two to three inches. These, the guide-book tells us, are due to slow crystalization taking place on a surface barely moist from material conveyed to the point of growth by a capillary movement. It is hard to control the desire to pull off these helictites and other specimens as one passes along. But the exercise of this will power is helped in a great measure by "the mechanic spirits of this under world, gnomes and imps" in the shape of little darkies, "who dart from shadow to shadow, behind column and angle, to watch that we do no harm to the marvelous handiwork." There is, moreover, a further inducement to keep one's hands off, in a fine of from five to one hundred dollars for every specimen broken. It is, therefore, rather an expensive place for over zealous specimen hunters; but the writer would advise all others who travel South by the beautiful Shenandoah Valley to spend a day at Luray and see for themselves its wonders.

Moose Hunting.

The time is close at hand when the moose will become extinct. Pursued at all seasons of the year by roving Indians and hunter tramps, to say nothing of the common ruck of sportsmen, bulls, cows with young, and half-grown calves are killed indiscriminately at all seasons. These creatures are the largest of the deer family, measuring, when full grown, five feet eight inches to six feet in height, and weighing twelve hundred pounds or more. They have a coarse, erect mane, while under the throat dangles a long tuft of hair. Animals indigenous to these high latitudes usually assume a white fur during the winter months; that on the moose, on the contrary, becomes much darker in color. Their antlers are foliated and of immense weight and size, averaging six feet from tip to tip, and weighing upward of sixty pounds. These they shed in January. By the month of June they have again attained the normal size. Their fore-legs are so disproportionate in length as to seriously interfere with their grazing; consequently, when feeding upon grass, they will, if possible pasture upon a slope. Their hind-feet are splayed, and furnished with long, loose, horny points, which rattle as they shamble along. Notwithstanding their awkwardness and great size, when alarmed they travel with astonishing speed, seemingly impossible in an animal crowned with such immense and weighty antlers. His head-gear, however, gives him, when in flight, less trouble than his legs. The head, carried so high as to prevent him from seeing the ground directly in his front, causes him to trip and stumble over the fallen trunks and branches which may lie in his path. The cow-moose is somewhat smaller than the male; her coat has a more reddish tinge. Early in life she gives birth to but one calf; as she advances in years the number is increased to two.

"Crusting" (or hunting with snow-shoes), "driving," "creeping," and "calling" are the various methods employed to hunt the moose. "Crusting" is the method employed when snow is upon the ground. It is, moreover, the most certain and deadly manner of killing the animal. Its great weight and the formation of its splayed hoofs render it comparatively helpless when attacked and pursued on the crust of the snow. At every step it breaks through the surface, cutting its legs, so that its tracks are marked by trails of blood. Even when taken at a disadvantage which "crusting" offers, a vigorous man on snow-shoes must put forth all his powers of endurance in order to overtake it, its enormous strength enabling it to flounder for a considerable distance at great speed. In consequence of the difficulty which the moose experience in traveling in the snow, they form during the winter season what are called "yards." Large numbers congregate together in the depths of the forest. The trampling of their feet soon beats down the deep snow. This forms a rampart all about them. As they move in a circle in feeding, this bank is always about them. The wolves hover on the edges, ready to pick up any discontented old bull which may be expelled by his companions. They know better than to enter the portals; in a moment they would be torn to pieces by the sharp hoofs of the moose.

In the spring and summer the moose frequent the edges of sedgy lakes and lagoons buried deep in the forest. In the waters of these they submerge themselves until only their heads are visible, in order to escape from the tormenting attacks of the black fly. Moreover, they find in these sheets of water aquatic plants on which they delight to feed. At this season they may be approached in canoes much more readily than in the forest.

More reprehensible still is the "calling" of moose; it is, however, above every other form of shooting, whether for large or small game, the most interesting and exciting. It is a shabby way, however; but no man, no matter who he may be, and how thoroughly equipped with the exalted sporting principles can resist its most potent attractiveness. "Calling" is practiced during the rutting season. It consists in imitating the call of the cow-moose by means of a birch-bark cone. On a clear, still night, the caller, armed with his trumpet, mounts to the top of a high tree. From his lofty perch he projects to a great distance in the still air of the night the bellow of the cow-moose. For a long time he repeats the call without a response. At last, in the far distance, the answering cry of the bull is heard. The caller now descends from the tree and joins the hunters at its base. The bull, in response to the call of the guide, approaches nearer and nearer. The success of the stratagem now depends entirely on the skill with which the caller imitates the low deep grunts of the cow. If he makes a single blunder, the male hesitates in advance, takes alarm, and hurries off. If, on the contrary, his call is up to all the requirements of the occasion, the hunter is rewarded by the sight of a magnificent animal, his chest elevated, and great wreaths of vapor issuing from his distended nostrils. There is not a moment to lose. The hunter shoots at once. The animal lingers but an instant, for his instinct tells him that where he stands the cow-moose should be.—*Gaston Fay, in Harper's Weekly.*

A Finny Jester.

In some quiet nook or corner of the sunfish pond we have made friends with the dace (Rhynchichthys atronasus), another little nest-builder, and a veritable finny jester. Stretched upon the green turf that overshadows their homes, we have caught glimpses of them, and, perhaps unseen, played the spy upon their domestic doings.

Life to them is a gala time. What games and sports they have! Looking down between the leaves, we see in their every action a reflex of boyhood days. Now in jest they join in the chase of some intruding minnow, suddenly changing their course and rising to dash at some resplandent dragon-fly that, with staring eyes, hovers over the growing canopy of their home; again they dart about the surface, rising at impossible flies and bits of floating weed. One more daring than the rest fairly clears a lily-pad; another lands upon the partly submerged leaf, the momentary struggle to escape attracting the attention of the sharp-eyed kingfisher, who dashes down fiercely in fruitless chase, a dire warning to the sportive fishes. All is not play, however, even among the dace. In the warm weeks of June come the sterner duties, the nesting-time; male and female join in the preparation, and the locality is selected, perhaps in some running brook, in shallow water. Roots, snags and leaves are carried away, both sometimes tugging at a single piece taking it down stream, and working faithfully, until we, who are watching from the bank despite the strong protest of the ants, see a clearing over two feet in diameter. Here the first eggs are deposited, and the male, who has retired, soon appears from up-stream, bearing in its mouth a pebble, that is placed among the eggs that form a layer in the center of the clearing. Now they both swim away, soon returning, each bearing a pebble in its mouth, that is dropped upon the eggs. Slowly the work goes on, until a layer of clean pebbles apparently covers the eggs; now the female deposits a second layer of eggs, and more pebbles are brought, the little workers scouring the neighborhood for them, piling up stones and eggs alternately until the heap attains a height of eight inches or more, formed in various shapes, sometime pyramidal or dome-shaped—monuments of the patience of these finny housekeepers. Who would suspect their purpose? Even the gleaners of the golden fields, in whose brooks our little friends are found, have not discovered their secret, and think the curious piles washings of the brook itself.—*C. F. Holder, in Harper's Magazine.*

—For the benefit of editors, it should be stated that expert burglars have invented a new way of cracking safes. They bore through between the combination and handle. A thread is then cut in the hole and a screw inserted, by means of which the lock is forced in. Journalists who have hitherto depended upon being awakened by an explosion and then rush onto the marauders with shotguns and bludgeons will have to devise something for the protection of their wealth.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A thirty-year-old clock at San Marcus, Tex., that has been silent eight years, waked up the other day and struck 180 without stopping.—*Chicago Times.*